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VOL. LIX. No. 1517.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 28, 1906.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

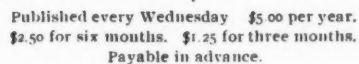
Puck

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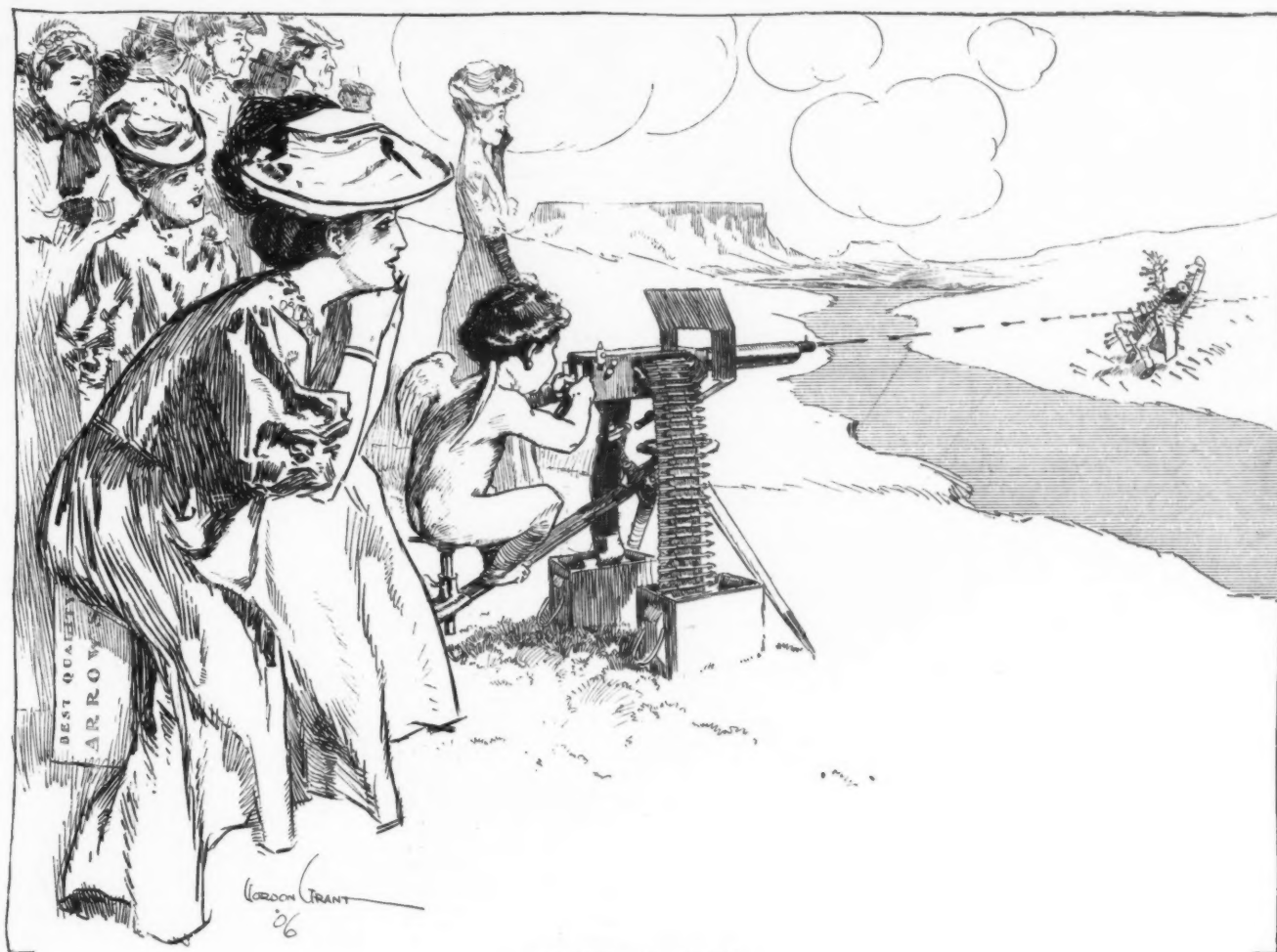


"ME AND JACK."



PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD.—Gentlemen, all of you who are in favor of this resolution will please signify it by saying, Aye!

PUCK



CUPID IN UTAH.

WIRELESS SIGNALS FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

JUST SO.

BRIDE TO GROOM.

ONE short jerk of coat—Stop looking at that girl!
 One long jerk of coat—Oh, see the pretty hats!
 One long hug—You look perfectly lovely to-day.
 One long hand-squeeze—Honey, what makes you look so cross?
 One short hand-squeeze—Someone's coming!

GROOM TO BRIDE.

One short jerk of sleeve—Stop looking at that man!
 One long jerk of sleeve—Come on. You don't want to see the hats.
 One long hug—You look perfectly lovely to-day.
 One long hand-squeeze—Honey, you ain't mad, are you?
 One short hand-squeeze—Don't be a goose!
 Three sharp taps on wrist—Take care, woman, take care! I will be master in my own house!

DISILLUSIONMENT.

"**M**EN are April when they woo,
 December when they're wed," for few,
 'T is all too sadly true, no doubt,
 Continue April fools throughout.

THE notion of God, which makes Him a manufacturer of foot-stools, our enemies being the raw material, is still popular in some quarters.

"**P**APA, what does 'Hon.' mean?"
 "Oh, that, my son, is the common or garden abbreviation of the word 'grafter.'"



WAS IT A DREAM?

THE MUMMY (to touring Beef Trust magnate).—I say, old chap, don't you wish you had the embalming formula of the fellows who put me up?



ORDER OF MARCH OF THE GIGANTIC, UNPARALLED

A HACKNEYED ROMANCE.

THE COMMON MIND STORES WORDS; THE LITERARY MIND STORES PHRASES.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

THE VAST hall was packed from pit to dome with a great concourse representing the *élite* of the metropolis. The hour and the man had arrived. The time and place seemed propitious. Taking her hand in both his own strong palms, rough with honest toil, yet fashioned for caressing, he began, with the earnestness born of conviction:

"The time has come when you must know all. Listen, and I will tell you the story of my life. How true it is that half the world does not know how the other half lives. I was born of poor, but honest parents"—

"Stay!" she interrupted. "No, no—I mean, go! Let us leave this sea of upturned faces, and repair to where we are not the cynosure of all eyes—the observed of all observers."

So they wandered in the by-ways of literature, far from the scrutiny of prying eyes, and came at last to the parting of the ways. To the right, straight as the crow flies, stretched the main-travelled road; to the left, with the art that conceals art, some cunning hand had fashioned a labyrinth where love would find the way to tell the old, old story.

"Listen," he began again, when they were safe from pursuit. "For years I have hugged my awful secret to my breast. I have passed many sleepless nights; it has haunted my waking hours.



OUR "DETACHED" SUBURBS.

LITTLE HARMON WOODHURST.—Oh, Papa, Charlie Dollardown is a big fibber! He says they have Frazzled Wheat for breakfast in their house, and I can see them all eating Shredded Husks!

Torn with contending emotions—a prey to the most cruel anxiety that words fail to describe, and which time alone can heal, I have waited till the eleventh hour, hoping against hope for the turn of fortune's wheel. Often in the watches of the night, Time has seemed to stand still, and I have waited the coming of the morn with bated breath, remembering that—

"The darkest hour is just before dawn"—she interjected with true womanly intuition.

"Even so," he acquiesced, flattered that she should read his inmost thought. "But the end is not yet," he resumed in a hoarse whisper, sounding a note of warning. "I am free to confess that I have known the sting of poverty, and drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs. Sometimes my star has seemed to be in the ascendant. Notwithstanding the social gulf that separates us, my spirits rose by leaps and bounds when you came into our midst, filling a long-felt want in the aching void of my affections. You drew me to you as the needle is drawn to the pole. 'Behold,' I said, 'the lode-star of my destiny.' For, after all is said and done, it is the unexpected that happens, and, in the last analysis, the right man in the right place may drive the thin edge of the wedge into the oak of opposition.



THE BRIDGE OF SI'S.

"Realizing that my early education had been neglected, I burned the midnight oil to the wee, sma' hours. Let us give credit where credit is due. It was in the libraries established by that grand old man, Andrew Carnegie—where the world's best literature is put within the reach of all—that I acquired a liberal education in less time than it takes to tell. If I could but apply it, I knew that I would soon be rich beyond the dream of avarice, and that my fondest hopes would be realized.

"At this critical juncture in my career, the palladium of our liberties were endangered, and a tidal wave of reform swept the country from center to circumference, carrying all before it. I rose to the occasion and entered the political arena, determining to sink or swim. I turned orator, and the people hung on my words, and cheered me to the echo. The news of my coming would spread like wildfire. Where other speakers were listened to with respectful attention by a small but select audience, I was invariably given an ovation. My speeches may have lacked distinction of style, and, prepared as they were on the spur of the moment, I sometimes neglected to round my periods; yet they were always punctuated with applause, and carried conviction to the minds of my hearers.

"But a fall follows pride. I had thought to live down my past, and carry my secret to the grave. But in an evil hour—"



— DAZZLING, STUPENDOUS HORSELESS CIRCUS PARADE.

He paused, shaken with emotion, unable to proceed further. It was a scene never to be forgotten. For though it was now high noon, and, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, old Sol had never afflicted perspiring humanity with such pernicious activity, yet the speaker's face took on an icy pallor, and his hands clutched convulsively at his breast. In the death-like silence that ensued, you could hear a pin drop. As he trembled like a leaf, a book fell from his nerveless fingers, and lay open at the title page.

The Lady picked it up, and with unerring literary instinct her trained eye took in the contents at a glance. She said nothing, keeping her own counsel with a fine restraint. But her face spoke volumes, and it was easy to see that his hour had indeed come, and that his fate was sealed.

"Leave me, I would be alone," he managed to stammer brokenly, seeing that concealment was no longer possible. "Temper justice with mercy. Go, and may heaven forgive you as I do."

For it was idle to waste words. The secret was out. In her

hand she held the key-note of his success—his Book of Ready-Made Phrases for Orator and Writer; a compilation made only after many years of painstaking research, and invaluable alike to the business and professional man. It had been his *vade mecum*—the *sine qua non* of his meteoric career. The matchless eloquence that held his auditors spell-bound, that had made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken, was only borrowed plumage.

And she—she who worshipped the very ground he trod on—had, in the innocence of her heart, thought him nothing if not original.

William Trowbridge Larned.



VERSATILE.

MADGE.—What became of that advanced girl who advocated the retirement of persons who had acquired a competency?
MARJORIE.—She is lecturing now on the idle rich.

WE AND THE OTHERS.

I PITY that poor Mrs. Jones;
She works herself to skin and bones!
Of course, in *my* case, I *prefer*
To be *my* own help, as it were.

Old Mrs. Johnson talks so loud
Whenever she is in a crowd!
To make *my* conversation heard
I have to *shriek* with every word.

The Livingstons are drinking beer!
I saw some taken there—dear, dear!
We have a case; oh, yes. But *that*
Was ordered just to make me fat.

My! Hear the Perkins' baby bawl!
They must neglect the child, that's all!
Now, when *our* little fellow cries
'T is merely for the exercise.

Miss Browne does love to gossip so;
She's talking there with Mrs. Roe.
I can't quite catch it all—can you?
I guess I'll find out—"How de do?"

Edwin L. Sabin.

EMBARRASSMENT.

"DE LAW is a cu's consolidation,"
said Brother Quackenboss.
"It's a pow'ful sight like a toad—de
smahtest man can't prognosticate which-u-
way de insect will jump. De white folks
hung a cullud man, over to Timpkkinsville,
t'udder day, for nuthin' in de world 'ceptin' dat
he married a white 'ooman and fo' days later
whirled in and split her head wid a axe. He said
it embarrassed him to have de name o' bein' mar-
ried to de kind of a white 'ooman dat would marry
a nigger; and I'll dess be ding-busted muhse'f, if
I can see how it could he'p but embarrass him!
And, yit, dey hung him—Yassah!"



IN HIGH SOCIETY.

THE OLD ONE.—You have been making love to my daughter long enough, sir.
What are your intentions?

THE YOUNG ONE.—Good heavens, sir! Is that your daughter?

THE OLD ONE.—Yes, sir. Who did you think it was?

THE YOUNG ONE.—Your wife.

Irony is where somebody writes "Hon." before the name of a poor man who has never held office.

PUCK



ENEMIES.

PUCK

The Way of the World.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

"Those Moros who fought on Mount Dajo were absolute fanatics."—MAJ.-GEN. WOOD.

WHEN a brown man or a yellow is fighting for his life,
With the disregard of odds that 's Asiatic—
When he swallows his despair and tries to break a square,
We bestow on him the epithet "fanatic."

But when the noble white man goes up against the odds
And, spite his prowess, is reduced to zero—
When he has to fight and fall with his back against a wall,
He is not a wild fanatic, but a "Hero."

New York is justly proud of its magnificent daily newspapers, but is that a sufficient reason for naming the city's principal squares after them? We have Herald Square, and Times Square, and (next in order, presumably) Journal Square—with Globe Square, Mail Square, Our Dumb Animals Square, and other printing house squares to hear from. Nothing could be more commonplace or uninspiring. "Times Square"! Phoebe, what a name!

President Roosevelt congratulates Gen. Wood on "upholding the honor of the American flag." It is conceivable that the efficiency of our army on the islands was at stake, or that the marksmanship of the regulars was on trial—but hardly the honor of our flag. But perhaps the phrase is a part of the military code-book.



At the same time the congressional yawps of "murder" and "assassination" and the piece-speaking of John Sharp Williams are the cheapest kind of demagoguery, and more irritating even than the windy references to the honor of the flag.

The old joke about an air trust promises to be something more than a joke now that compressed air is metered and sold by the cubic foot. Suppose the Compressed Air Trust seizes upon all the air for use in its fields of enterprise! There is something to think about more important than the price of coal.

The newspapers that have been cartooning Mr. Jerome as sound asleep were a trifle premature. The world revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours, but there its resemblance to the



SUCH SERVICE!

THE WAITER.—Is n't the plank satisfactory, sir?

THE WOODPECKER.—No, it ain't! I told you I wanted some spruce well done, and you've brought me hickory rare.

New York *World* ceases. The universe is not operated on the daily newspaper plan. The suns of space do not go off at half-cock, and even the comets are comparatively sedate and deliberate. The district attorney needs something besides newspaper editorials to prove a case. And the very papers that have been prodding him would be the first to laugh at him if he fell down on a prosecution for lack of evidence.

Have you ordered your hyacinths for April delivery? Have you any shrubs out of place? Is your shrubbery too crowded? Are your bulb beds and hardy borders uncovered yet? Have you sprinkled salt on your asparagus bed and cut off last year's strawberry runners? Have you even ordered your seeds? No? Well, what in the world are you thinking about? We garden editors are getting out of patience with you.

"What, then, is a sound colonial policy?" inquires a contemporary. Well, Punch's "Don't" has always been regarded as a sound matrimonial policy. Won't it do as well for the colonial game? B. L. T.

EXPENSIVE.

WE call a girl a priceless pearl,
And it is even betting
We do it ere we are aware
How costly is the setting.

PECULIARITY.

WEARY WILSON.—Marriage is a life sentence, pard.
DUSTY RHODES.—Yep, but you can get it commuted by bad behavior.



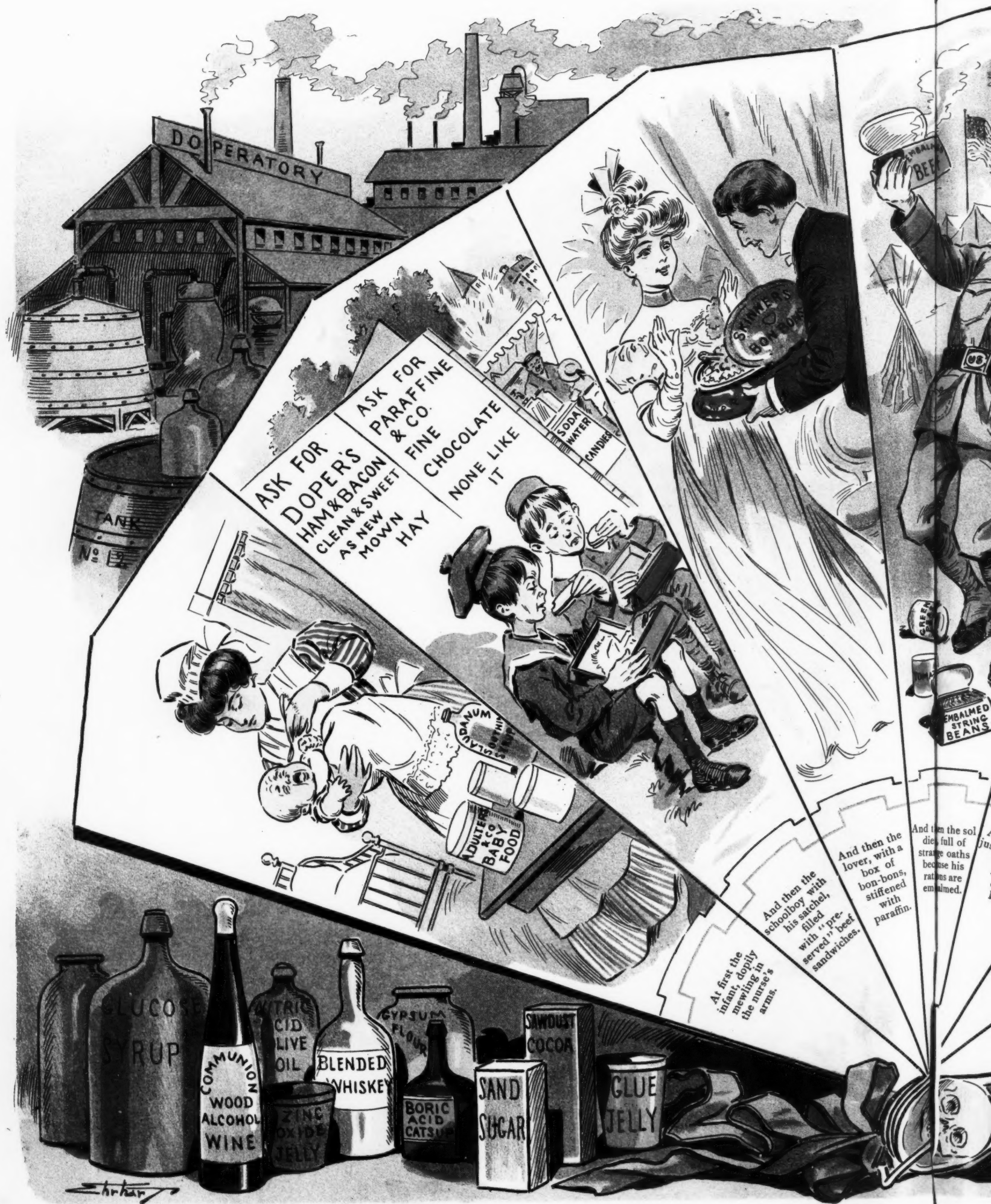
THE TALKATIVE LADY.

THE AZTEC.—De mermaid come mighty near getting drowned! Could n't keep her mouth shut ter save 'er!

THE SKELETON.—Wot was de trouble, Mike?

THE AZTEC.—Aw, force uv habit! She seen her husband in de audience!

Marry in haste and repent at leisure,—if you have any.



THE SEVEN AGES

PUCK

ÆSOP UP-TO-DATE.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS NETS.



ONCE upon a time there was a farmer who lived on the shores of Little Peconic Bay, who was known among his summer boarders as an amphibian, because he eked out an existence on land and water. He fed his poultry on such sea-food as horse-shoes, and bedded his cattle on seaweed, while he dug clams and potatoes with the same fork and caught rattlesnakes in the eel pot, and chickens in the net with which he captured the menhaden to be used as a fertilizer for the fields in the late autumn. One day when the menhaden were more plentiful in the sea, than were the golden leaflets as they whirled along the dusty turnpike, the amphibious farmer went forth to make his annual hauls, that the fields might be covered in the autumn with the fishes which he would plough under in the spring; and he took his last lone solitary summer boarder along, that the latter, who was a city man, might be treated to a rare combination of entertainment and instruction. With the first haul the amphibious farmer brought up several thousand specimens, and with the second about twice as many. The eyes of the last lone solitary boarder first assumed the dimensions of pickled onions, and then of door-knobs.

"These are wonderful hauls," said he.

"But it takes many fishes to cover my many fields," replied the amphibious farmer, "and if they did not run in schools it would be a waste of time to try to catch them."

"But," continued the last lone solitary boarder, whose astonishment seemed boundless, "I see that you have caught nothing but big fishes. There is not a small one in the lot."

"That is very true," said the amphibious farmer, "but it is all because I am an exception to the rule. I suppose you are aware, and well aware of the fact, that when all the summer fishermen come home at night they bring with them a lot of little bits of fishes, and tell you how all the big ones flopped off the hook and got away, and just what whopping big ones they were?"

"I am well aware of it, my dear, sir. I am very well aware of it," reiterated the last lone solitary boarder in an ecstasy of enthusiasm which proved, and most conclusively, that he had the instincts of a sportsman.

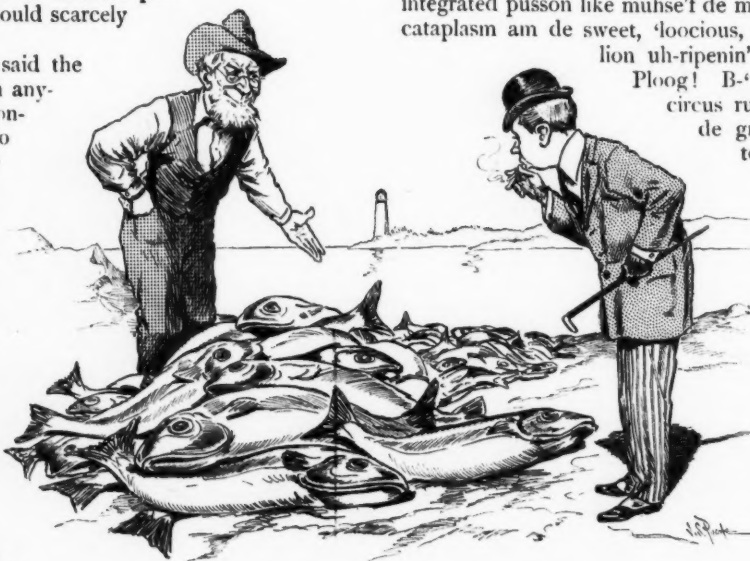
"Well, I am just the opposite; I catch all the big ones and let the little ones get away; and I can tell you they are just the littlest little ones you ever saw. Some of them do not weigh half an ounce, and are not bigger than a little pig's tail."

"Will you tell me how you do it?" asked the last lone solitary boarder, who was so anxious to become possessed of the secret that he could scarcely contain himself.

"I make it impossible," said the amphibious farmer, "to catch anything but big fish, because in constructing my nets, which I do with my own hands, I make the meshes so large that the small fishes cannot stay in, and the big fishes cannot slip out. If you would succeed in any enterprise go into it properly equipped for victory and you will be pretty sure to win. In other words, when you go out in quest of bear, go loaded for bear, and not for rabbit."

R. K. Munkittrick.

AMERICAN artists no longer go abroad to get educated. They still go abroad, but only to get themselves discovered.



"I see that you have caught nothing but big fishes."



PROVISION.

MISSIONARY—I want to reach the children.

CANNIBAL CHIEF.—You will; they *always* get what's left!

TELEPATHY.

NO WORD is spoken, neither need there be,
Across the board a message comes to me;
I catch its meaning—there is no mistake—
My wife informs me we've run out of cake!

HIS FAVORITES.

"DEM 'AR poetical gen'lemen in de books infawm us of de sweetness of de song of de nightingale, or some sich a varmint," ruminatingly said old Brother Quackenboss, "and we yeahs tell of de soothin' sound of de patter on de shingles, of de musicality of de little flowers uh-skipin' over hill and dale, of de chimin' of de weddin' bells, and de sound of de sarrynade stealin' th'oo de mushy darkness across de lake, and all sich as dat; but to a common, disintegrated pusson like muhse'f de most indigenous music in de whole cataplasm am de sweet, 'loocious, silent mellerdy of de watahmillion uh-ripenin' on de vine, and de 'Choog! Ploog! B-'m-m-m-m-m-choog!' of de circus rumble-wagons pompousin' th'roo de gray of de mawnin' on deir way to de show grounds. Dem two sonorousnesses has got all udder kinds of music beat fum a mile to a mile and a quawtah! Yassah!"

IN THE GRAFT ARMY.

THE VICTIM (*with hands elevated*).—Don't you think, my good man, that this is a very crude way to accumulate wealth?

THE HOLD-UP ARTIST.—'T ain't exactly refined, dat 's a fact. But if a feller's eddication bars him frum becomin' a *captain* uv industry, he's got ter do his best as a *private*, dat 's all.

When you see a man reading "How to Make Easy Money in Wall Street" it's time to collect that quarter he owes you.



"High
as
the Alps
in
Quality"

At the summit of excellence
in eating chocolate is

PETER'S

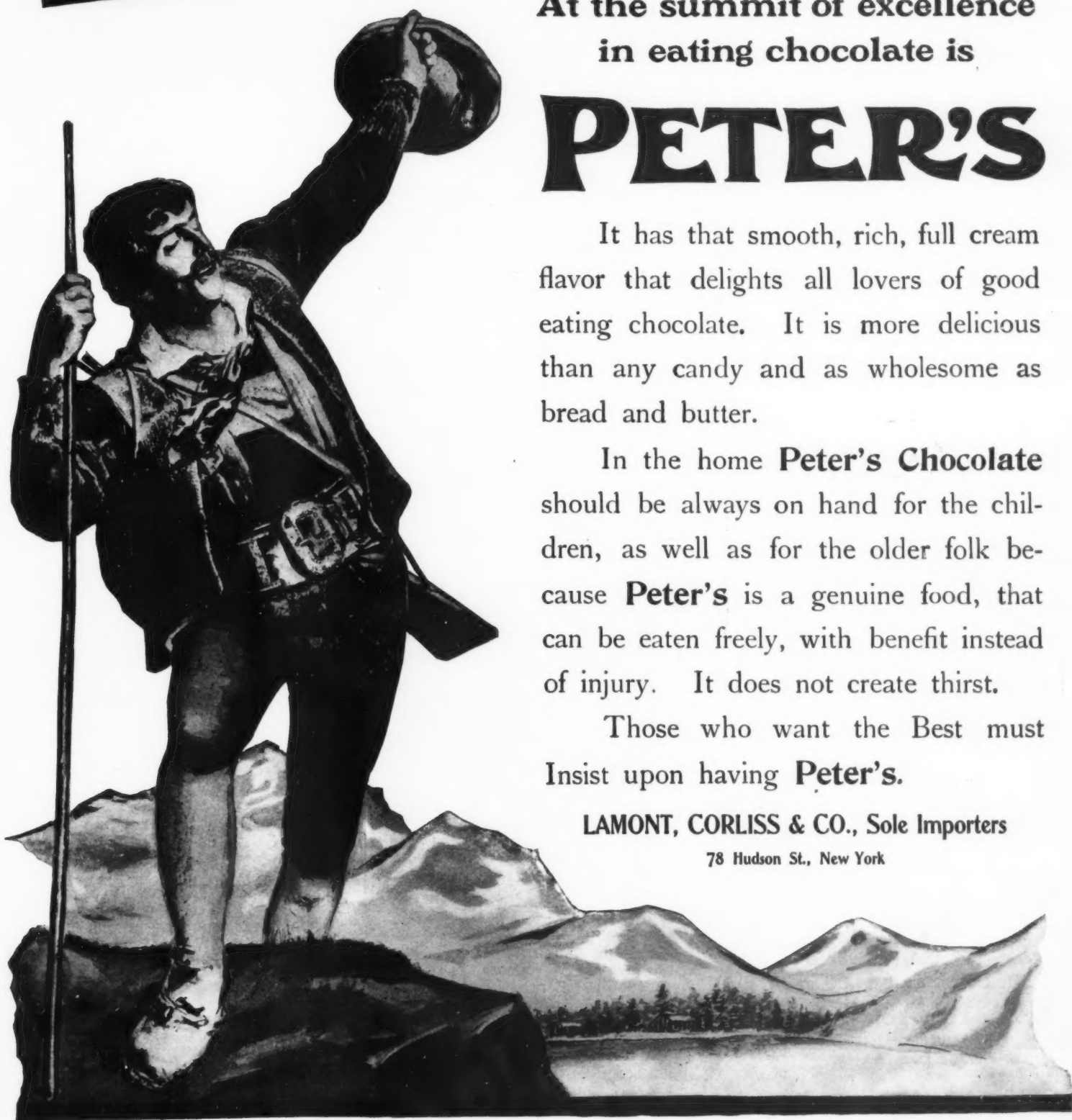
It has that smooth, rich, full cream flavor that delights all lovers of good eating chocolate. It is more delicious than any candy and as wholesome as bread and butter.

In the home **Peter's Chocolate** should be always on hand for the children, as well as for the older folk because **Peter's** is a genuine food, that can be eaten freely, with benefit instead of injury. It does not create thirst.

Those who want the Best must Insist upon having **Peter's**.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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WILSON

That's All!

A TEST TO FATE.

A girl was picking grasses, in a lane;
He sighted her with interest from afar
And wondered if the effort would be vain—
A loss of time—such efforts often are—
To pass that way, and pause, as fain to rest,
Then modestly accost her—just to see
(Flinging to fate, perchance, too bold a test!)
What sort of girl this special girl might be?

It all goes in a lifetime! Yes, he will
Take the sweet risk, the tempting danger dare.
His manly pace he quickens—nearing still
Her graceful form; choosing the words with care
That from his lips in courteous tones shall fall.
Little his gay heart dreamed that ere a year
The voice he had not heard, would softly call,
"Augustus—come and take the baby, dear!"
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

ANDY HAMILTON, who was so long held in Paris by a carbuncle, or something, has returned to New York, as he puts it, "to face the music." By the by, how is former Chief Statistician Hyde's carbuncle coming on, and is there any music for him to face?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

JOHN JAMESON

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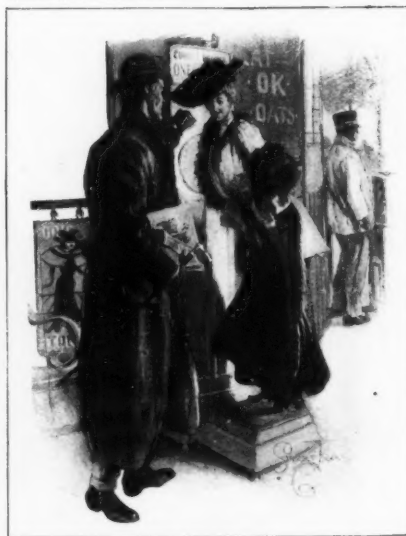
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Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.
Ask to see them and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.
GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
1162 Times Building, New York

SHADES OF LONGFELLOW.

"There's a poem," said the statesman,
"That I do not like at all;
I do not know the poet—
So his name I can't recall.
But there's a stanza in it
That's offensive to my eye;
It's the stanza where the fellow
Says the pass you must n't try!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NO two guesswork cocktails are alike. CLUB COCKTAILS never vary in their perfection. Which is to be preferred? CLUB brand. Insist upon having it.
Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, etc.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

THE ONE THING LACKING.

The water ripples bright and fair
Beneath the bending tree.
The fish and bait are likewise there,
And all they need is me.
—*Washington Star.*

MR. CARNEGIE says that the rich men who laugh are rare. That must be for the reason that men whom Mr. Carnegie would call rich are themselves rare.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

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Just, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

PREFERRED NUMBERS.

"How will you have your aig cooked?" asked the waiter.
"My what?"
"I said how will you have your aig cooked?"
"Young lady," replied the customer, "you speak in a singular fashion. Can't you make it plural?"—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

AMONG FLIES.

FIRST FLY.—Did you see that beautiful paper on the wall at Gold-rox's?

SECOND FLY.—Yes; I came very near getting mashed on it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TO FLAT DWELLERS.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That he never to himself hath said
"This radiator's cold as ice—
I'd like to punch that landlord's head!"
—*Buffalo News.*

LOVE'S BRIGHTEST DREAM.

"When the rich widow married the young fellow she told him he would have nothing to do but spend her money."
"And now?"
"And now she allows him just \$7 a week.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

JUDGE Andrew Hamilton puts up a bold front now that John A. McCall is dead.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

GERMANY is to have six more big war ships. This will cause the British taxpayers to groan again.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

IF REED SMOOT persists in his refusal to resign voluntarily the senate committee may yet be subjected to the embarrassment of rendering a decision in his case.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE REPORTS showing a falling off in new insurance business are not surprising. Insurance is a necessary institution, but a large number of people have been holding off in the hope of getting more of it for less money.—*Washington Star.*

Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors
and make us lose the good
we oft might win."
One cake of Pears' convinces.

Sold all over the world.

THE SEVERAL SEASONS.

The whole world rejoices when Summer
Brings flowers and fruits to us all,
And everyone welcomes the harvests
That come in the bounteous Fall.
We also are joyous in Winter,
When Boreas bold is our king,
But who conscientiously welcomes
The poets that bloom in the Spring?
—*Four-Track News.*

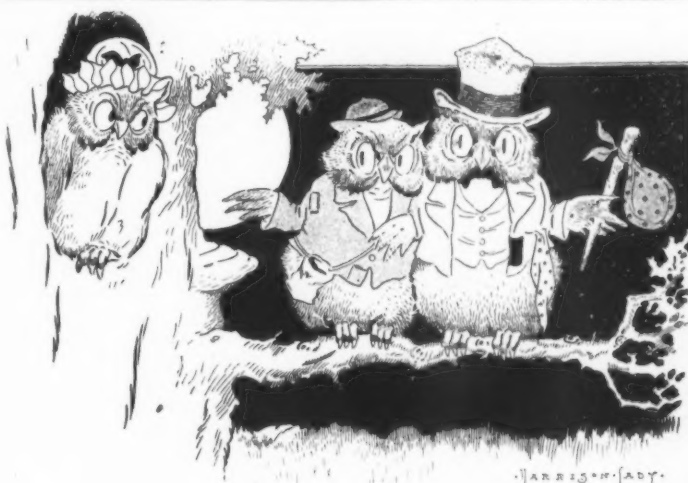
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THE TRAMPS.—Kind lady, can't you give us a little money to get a day's lodging.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

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tral Lines' "Four-Track Series," as well as a small half-tone
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29 full-page Illustrations by **FRANK A. NANKIVELL**

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tain of the adventures of Huevos Pa-
sada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio
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HIGH LIFE

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MILWAUKEE BEER



THE DISGRACE OF IT.

CASSIDY.—Oi hear yez hov hod trouble wid yer woife, Moike?
Hov yez?

COOGAN.—Oi hov. She disgraced me on St. Patrick's Day be
goin' into a droog store an' drinkin' an orange phosphate.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's
Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as
a tonic.

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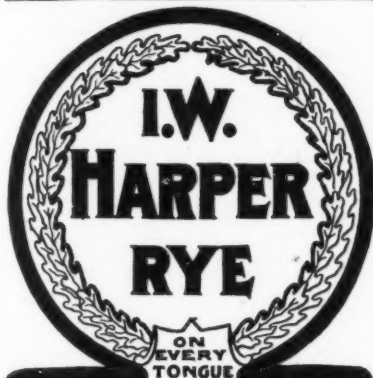
E. L. LOMAX, Gen. Pass. Agent
Omaha, Neb.

NOT merely to be called the
best ale, but to be worthy
of the name that's the con-
stant aim of

EVANS' ALE

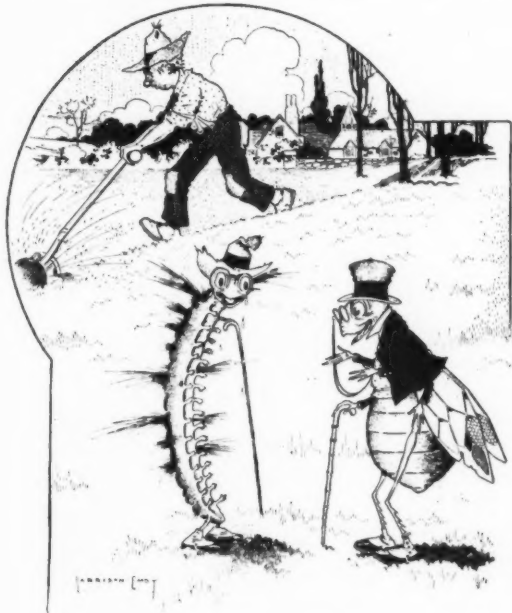
Striving to make it better is
the foundation upon which its
success is built.

THE Chinese minister is decidedly
right when he says murders will occur
in all nations and his own is no excep-
tion. That quiet dig is appreciated. —
Buffalo News.



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The
spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the
essence of good cheer. The best
whiskey for all uses. Gold medals
at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago,
1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand
Prize, highest award, at World's
Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading
dealers everywhere.



A CLOSE CUT.

MR. BUGGE.—Great Scott, old man, what's the trouble?

MR. CATERPILLAR.—Trouble enough! Here I've signed
to act as the hairy bug in the sideshow, and now that fool gardener
treats me like this!

OKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

The Government
protects its citizens against
counterfeit money—
the law of (March
3d, 1897) equal-
ly protects the
public against
counterfeit
whiskey.
Every bottle of

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

Complies with this law and is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and is
sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP." Sunny Brook was the only
Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair.
Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.
SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

ORATORY.

How oft by words great men have
sought
To save some cherished institution.
Ah, some were fraught with earnest
thought
And some were only elocution.
—*Washington Star.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Taft is still un-
decided about that vacancy on the Su-
preme Bench, it might be just as well
to add another brace or two. —*Wash-
ington Post.*

If the sugar trust were easily dissolved,
the water would have accomplished the
task long ago. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Supreme After-Dinner Cordial



LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product,
acknowledged by connoisseurs to be un-
equalled here or abroad. As a delicious
aid to digestion, and a cordial of delight-
ful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting
finale to any feast.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES
Rheinstrom Bros. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

BOUND TO COME.

It has not dawned upon us yet,
But it will come, of course —
A slot machine in which to get
A hurry-up divorce.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

WHAT'S this — Congress to pass a
bill making it a crime to rob an Indian?
Tut, tut. Reform is all right, but is n't
this carrying it to an unreasonable ex-
treme? —*Kansas City Journal.*

She would have lost her home

if she had been able to persuade her husband not to invest
in life insurance. "I never wished my husband to become
insured," wrote an Illinois wife and mother, "but he always
said, 'If anything should happen to me the money will be
needed.'"

Something did happen to him. The money was needed,
and his wife wrote that she had found she could keep her
home, and educate her boy with the money which

THE PRUDENTIAL

paid to her with appreciated promptness.

But mark this: the husband *did insure his life*. The story
would be a very different one if he had n't. What will be
your family's experience when something happens to you?
What it *can* be you may learn to advantage by using this blank.

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the state
of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
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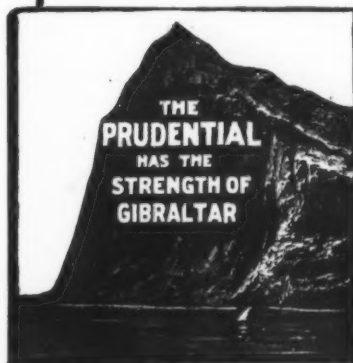
Without committing myself to any
action, I shall be glad to receive, free, par-
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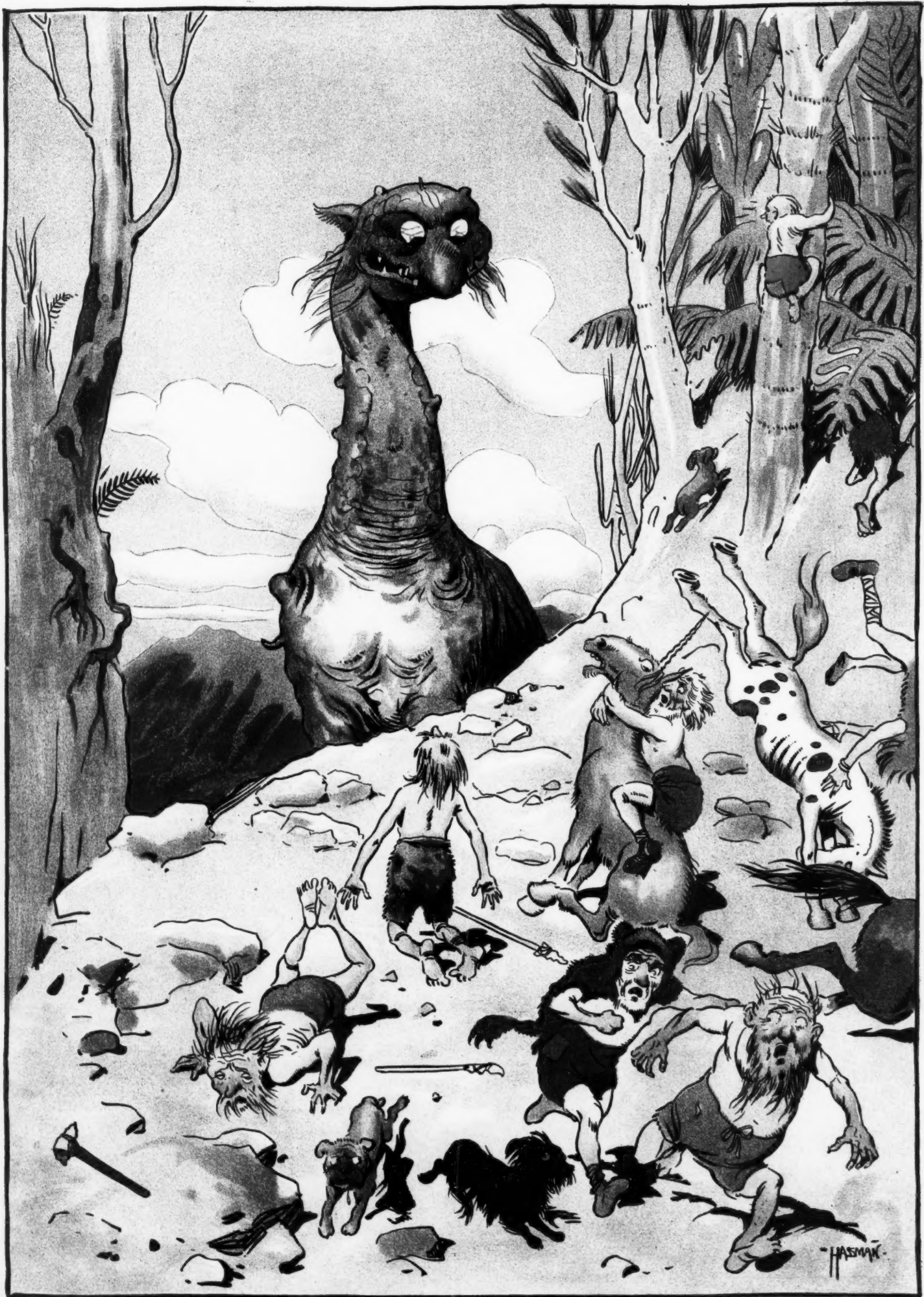
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THE DINOSAUR SUDDENLY DOUBLES ON HIS TRACKS.